Whati

keen.

tain replied.

port the active troops."

meat for each man."

our wife?" asked Burette.

canned meat with a knife:

"We are getting closer," the Cap-

"Well, is there any chance of fight-

ng to-day?" said Romarin, his eyes

heads, and shoulders bent under the

The night was dry, without moon or

stars, and the men went on in the

footsteps of those marching ahead of

Toward midnight, after fifteen hours

of march, even Gaspard, whose throat

realized that fatigue was getting the

mor and was beginning to grumble:

Generals, France. He added:

"Soup! You bet I will!"

weight of the haversacks.

"We are going to sup-

t," said Gaspard.

men stopped.

still come around and inspect them Gaspard's face revesieu normal pure delight.

"Go to it!" he said. "I hope that one in the eye." the same tone of friendly seriousness.

change in this most peculiar man. his attention to the smaller details leaders? s generally most offensive to more exalted minds who cannot believe in the usefulness of an officer who is mains strictly in his own place and the newspapers it had been predicted found butter and onions and when it at his own work, leaving to others the and every one expected it. A general comes to soup I think you've got it." elope with their Kaiser . . . discussion and consideration of higher thoughts.

War, life, death are all very beautiful subjects for the civilian to discuss; has much time to spare. But a Captain has no time to lose. He must supplies given to his men. He must take care of their food and their stomachs. Philosophers, who have not been mobilized, can take care of the weird works of destiny, the great problems of human existence and the great unanswered questions of the war. The military profession constitutes a barrier erected on front of all these problems. The soldier must act; he must not think. soon as he begins to think the enemy jumps on his back. The first act of var is to forget every article of immagination. Capt. Puche, who seemed to have no imagination whatsoever, was therefore a most valuable chief.

None of his men, not even Burette. noticed this during the first few days. Gaspard, who remained at his pots and pans and therefore did not attend the grills, spoke of these exercises in a contemptuous manner. He thought them entirely uncalled for and uatimely, but---

"In the business you're not suppesed to try to understand. They're our bosses and we're just plain num-

"Well, that's going a bit too far," said Moreau. Romarin, the barber's assistant from

A--. proved more energetic. "Well, I've come here to fight and that's all I want now." Clopurte, the grocer, had nothing to

At times young Pinceloup, a big. heavy set farmer with a face thoroughly baxed in the sum, would say: see the alboches."

Don't be foolish," said Gaspard. "Foolish nothing; don't forget that we belong to the reserves." "Go on; I like to hear you talk." "If the active troops do their job

"Poor fool, where do you come Were you born this morning?" "I'm not more of a fool than you

You're not a fool; you're a damn

"Well, all I know is that we've been here five days and the others have skipped. Why do you think they beat

"Where do you come from?" said "My home is in Pin-la-Garenne."

"Are there many fools like you

loft and said:

ready in fifteen minutes." "Where are we going?" asked Mo-

We're going right to it, my boy. You'd better number your arms and

The deuce you say!" exclaimed "Are you sure of it?" I heard the Colonel say it to Puche. "Hurray, pals, this is the life!"

He cornered poor Pinceloup, exclaiming, "You're some prophet." Pinceloup had turned white and so

had Clopurte, while Romarin was beaming with joy. Gaspard danced around the place with Burette. Didn't you hear him?"

"Of course I did."

happy? You bet I'm happy!"

Well, then, it's time to begin to kugh, old pal. We're going to see just what the alboche is made of."

His happiness was so sincere that it courage into the hearts of the weakest. As he was preparing for the "At march his parting remark was: list we'll get a chance of a real fight without fear of the cops."

The regiment started at once.

The weather was exceptionally fine and the morning breeze gave courage between huge quarters of beef but kept on smoking, talking, singing or of meat which he would take down tating while marching along. From time to time he would be seen carrying without apparently the slightest effort. two rifles while Moreau was shaking He seemed to delight in digging his prune tree. The latter would return distributed to the others, but the fruit was not ripe. Two minutes later Moreau was carrying two rifles, Gaspard having disappeared in a farm. He reappeared shortly, exhibiting to his friends what he had found:

fresh too. said Moreau.

"Butter, pals; yes, real butter. And "Just like in the Avenue du Maine,"

And it was just as in the Avenue du Maine. A line of twelve motor buses from Paris passed the men on the road Gaspard inquired where the stopped, while Moreau imitated a stout woman trying to get into the bus and

"See that you're more polite, con-

Even the men from the country who recalled their visits to the capital during the world's fair or on the occasion of the marriage of some relative were greatly amused in listening to these merry jesters who helped them to pass the time away and forget the heavy load which they were carrying.

Even Pinceloup and Clopurte recovered their good spirits, as the enemy seemed as far away as ever. They were marching through a beautiful diswict and were swinging along at a good

He had just come to the end of the first verse when suddenly the air was shaken by a formidable rumble. The

regiment understood. "The cannons!" said almost every

Gaspard's face revealed nothing but he went at his work with great en-

The men laughed; although they had He remained in Lorraine just exactly been marching since 6 o'clock in the he should have been selected to do the morning, they were merry and in fine cooking. He was clever and bright, ters of the military school, where he spirits. At the same time a wonderful but the business of buying and prefor Gaspard, for the priest added: made out at night detailed accounts rumor was current among them: A paring snails was the only thing he of the condition of the men's shirts revolution had broken out in Germany. and shoes. He was a pure type of a Yes, actually a revolution. Great re- mon with making soup. The result respectable bourgeois, who carefully joicing followed, but none of the men puts up jam every summer for the was surprised, for the thing had been bad. Everything he cooked was pracwinter, and who, forever expected ever since August 2. practical, continues during the most not always the case that when all of omentous hours to believe in the a country's neighbors turn against it importance of all small things of life. the people turn against their own

"Believe me, he knows."

"It was bound to come," said Burette time an official and re- quietly, his face beaming with joy. In to leave it to me to get around; I many."

"Don't be afraid. I'll fix it for

There was no earthly reason why knew well and it had nothing in comwas that his concoction was deplorably Is it tically sodden. Nevertheless, it was "for the truth is that we haven't been all of with great pride that he announced: able to get anything . . . I'd like to Nevertheless, it was "for the truth is that we haven't been

"It's ready! Go on and eat." The men, knowing that a cook is some tobacco for my pipe generally very sensitive, were lavish do you know about this, Burette!" "Burette told us so," said Gaspard. in their compliments, and would often "Well, you'll have it all to-night."

stop eating to exclaim "Fine!"

have some chocolate . . , and also

said the priest, "only don't forget that "Well," said Gaspard, "you'll have it's up to you to march into Ger-"You bet!

to a glass of wine," he said

who stuttered:

ently on my bicycle."

This was a new shock to Gaspard,

"Well . . . You know how we

"And it you need any tobacco, choco-

"This is really great," said Gaspard,

late, pencils or paper, just put in your

order. I will be going to Verdun pres-

## "Where's the train for Berlin?" and a loud cry arose when the train was found.

"For all we know we may never coalition against Germany would in- | The others, swallowing their spoon- | "What would you do with him?" evitably mean bankruptcy, starvation fuls of hot water, replied: and civil war in the course of one

"Sure!" said Gaspard. "Maybe they are already eating their shoe soles!"

as his mount was eager to go on ahead. The loft was immense, with many dark Gaspard laughed. "Well, the Captain doesn't worry at

least! One hour later they reached a village, where they encamped. Nothing fur- displaying weird shadows on the walls. They're beginning ther had been heard from the guns. In the back some of the men were al-"I told you so," said Pinceloup.

We'll never see the alboches." As a matter of fact this other little asleep. ful and far removed from the scene of raining. Gaspard was furious. Sergeant Posse rushed into the hay- any fighting. This one was just as poor as the other one with cracked "We're going! You'll have to get walls and dilapidated houses, but the

village through which the regiment had passed. an old woman who with her rusty key

was trying to open the door to a hayloft to be used by the company. "Why, you're right here in our vil-

But are we far from them?" "From here to Metz it is eight

"Eight miles? Good! We belong to the reserve, so we should worry. pals? Meanwhile we'll recuperate with a good hot soup, and some soup give you a pain, do 1?" it's going to be!"

At every stop Gaspard would throw Well, how about you; aren't you his haversack and rifle into some corner and ask Burette to watch them while he set out to find food.

On that particular evening he de-cided that he would go in person to fetch meat for the company. He recalled that at A-- he had dined with

the butcher and was now going to take advantage of that man's beneficial friendship. The supply wagons were lined up in the church square and through the open door of the great truck could be seen the enormous head of the butcher to these inexperienced troops on the pended around him. He appeared, first day of their misery. Gaspard then disappeared behind the masses cut up and hang back on their hooks

huge knife into the meat and was th his cap full of prunes which he surely enjoying immensely his work. "This is for me," said Gaspard, "and see that I'm well served. A good sir-

> The butcher winked his eye. "Are you taking care of the food?" "That's me." said Gaspard. "Can't

loin, as fine as they come.

get the others to do any work." He said it with pride, for he knew well that in a company there are two mportant men: its leader and the man who makes the soup, the Captain and the cook. He was the cook. munion

To the average soldier, the man

who is "serving" in the real meaning of the word, war is chiefly a long series of trials for the body, marching with all your luggage on your back in time in Paris . . . Bang! . . . There weather either too hot or too cold and go the big guns again . . . What a all the other sufferings and, at last, rotten life! . . . I'm sick of it . . starvation, the great enemy, and But as to the priests . . When I death. But in death one forgets the was 12 years old I used to go to Sunstraps which shorten the breath or the day school with a corset steel dipped sufferings which make one's feet feet in glue with which I could fish penheavier than the boots. And then nies out of the poor box. And beagain, death is often instantaneous, lieve me, it was an easy job to get without suffering, while hunger pursues and tortures an army for many, many days.

There is no terror in death, but hunger is the arch enemy who wipes out all the perils of war. And that is why the man who prepares the food pace while Gaspard was singing at the is so important a person. He is retop of his voice a merry marching sponsible for the good hot soup which helps the men to surmount all their other troubles, to overcome fatigue and sleepiness, making every man at the front merry and bright and happy.

"You bet . . . you surely know how.

"is a little glass of sherry or port." "Captain, is it true that there's a eyes wandering around the loft, rest-volution in German??" | ing on the beams supporting the roof. | Some one was knocking at the Puche replied simply: "So they where the spider webs were so thick And explained nothing further, that they looked like pieces of cloth. corners where the hay was piled up quick! We are moving on!" nightfall had come and only a small ray of light came through a half open door. time to swallow a egg!" In the back some of the men were al-

my cooking in this weather? Burette grumbled as he arose. "Oh, my poor back . . . no more soldiers left the house.

weather was so beautiful that it seemed much brighter than the first of this. I've got to have a bed. It's "It's a shame to have to leave such bad enough to be without your wife." Bang! The big guns were heard

"Where am I going to do my cook-"You give me a pain with your

cooking," said Romarin.
"I give you what! . . . Well. still talking about the priest. young sport, just try to come round special cut of the meat . . .

"Come on," said Burette, "none of this fighting. You'd do better to go out and get me some fresh eggs. I'm beginning to feel real hungry." He took Gaspard's arm.

"Let's go and visit the chicken coops. In the village Gaspard again began

"What am I going to do about the food?" "All you have to do." Burette re-

church where you will be sheltered from the rain. "And what if the priest objects?" "The priest is a good chap, as they

"Well, when it comes to that you

have nothing to tell me." said Gaspard. | pretty dry now." 'I know the priests and haven't got much use for them." "What did they ever do to you?"

queried Burette. "But while telling to drink?" said Gaspard. me your grievances, don't forget that I'm still looking for a chicken coop." "Chicken coops! Why, there are her and Gaspard exclaimed: hundreds of them! Look here, let's try this nice looking house over there."

After knocking at the door he returned to his favorite subject. "Priests are men with money, believe me: I know what they get in their collection boxes. When I was 12 years old my mother sent

"Try the door again," said Burette.
"Nobody home? . . . These poor fools ought to come and spend some But when we were pennies . . caught we paid for it, take it from

The door of the house was opened anl the village priest appeared on the threshold. Gaspard stepped back, stupefied.

Burette said: "Pardon us, monsieur le curé, we're trying to get a few eggs."

"I have a few left . . . Come in." He was a typical priest of Lorraine heavy set, with large feet, broad shoul-Gaspard knew it well, and in his ders and a severe look in his eye, but pride as a Parisian, happy in the friendly nevertheless and seemingly knowledge that he was indispensable, for of life.

"Oh," said Gaspard. "I wasn't thinking of having him stuffed, but just of ner of a street, I don't keep on march-"All that's missing," said Burette, holding him tight and saying, with a good straight look in his eyes: 'Now. The Captain came along on his horse. He was sprawling on the hay, his you reprobate, you poor damn fool, do worn out. But Puche, who had over-

Some one was knocking at the door. It was Moreau who entered, out of

possible," said Gaspard. "Come on," said Burette, "give "Oh, they're beginning to get on my miles from here where we are going roads.

song and one by one the men fell laughingly. "I'm sorry I couldn't get you the chocolate and tobacco. As a matter of fact this other little asieep.

On the following morning it was "It isn't your fault," said Gaspard, village of Lorraine seemed quite peace. Paining Gaspard was furious. "What a rotten job! You'd think

"Where the deuce am I going to do their only pleasure is to bother peo-Grumbling to each other the three

a good place," said Moreau. "As to me. I've done enough walk-

"Well, I've known many of these like yesterday and ask me for any father confessors, but not one like that one!"
"But you are still young," said Bu-

rette . . . "Give me some tobacco." "Well, I'm not saying that all pries's

what I have seen myself, see? "Yes, I know," said Burette, "Give me a piece of cigarette paper." 'And what else would you like?"

"I see that all you've got to smoke with is your mouth." "Yes, and my ears to listen to you.

Go on, I like to hear you talk." "is to stand here behind the drink . . . and while I think of it

> They were passing a cottage in front of which stood a woman.

The woman looked on but made no reply. A child came running up to "Good morning, Glory! Give papa

a smile. course of the night the roads had becarriages, which passed the men in Bang! . . . The guns were getting

"We're going right to them now. I'm going to ask the Captain." He returned with a bright smile or his face. The Captain had replied: To-day each man will eat his ration

of canned meat." probably ask us, 'Has every man got his boots polished?

marching on," grumbled Burette. "The revolution in Germany has never been confirmed," said Sergeant Fosse, weary and disgusted.

the mud was getting thicker. They had left the level section of the country and were marching up and down hills, which proved extremely trying to the blue rage.

all that he suddenly discovered there was nothing left for himself; even the laugh," said Gaspard, highly indignant, with ware open eyes, took the barrel in his arms as though in the province was nothing left for himself; even the laugh," said Gaspard, highly indignant, with ware open eyes, took the barrel in his arms as though in the to the men. "I'm getting sick of all this," said thing left to the cook!"

marching like fools? When I want to asked the priest. get a man I wait for him at the coring all night," There was almost a tone of hate in the voices which replied approvingly to Gaspard's words. The men were

reau are the least tired of all. "I saw you go in here! Get out

to halt. left the ranks.

ing since yesterday," added Burette. "I suppose we're just about taking "The worst of it all," exciaimed

Metz from them," said Moreau.

"Metz or no Metz," said Gaspard. Gaspard. "is that we were just about to get comething to drink, because. you know, that priest was a mighty fine old man! For a priest, he was After resuming the march they were

are bad, but I'm just talking about

'A match.'

"I'm through. I was just saying that fellow's a real priest and not a bluff. He knows how to give you a I swallowed mine so quickly that I don't remember the taste, and I'm

"Eh, mamma, what have you go

The rain had stopped, but in the them often to step into the ditch, pared it for supper. closer and were firing away at shorter intervals. Pinceloup hadn't spoken a word. Gaspard declared:

"He surely is a card," said Burette. When we get right under fire he'll more joy. "Well, with all that we're still

Gaspard had made coffee and quickly filled the men's bottles. The rain began to fall again and was so generous in taking care of them tack."

Gaspard. "How can any one enjoy himself when he is turning his back to the Eiffel Tower?"

"How about turning your back to that he had rather become a German "I'm with you," said Moreau, "I'm self placed on the sick list. Well, dig a grave and jump into

was still grumbling. Some one blew a whistle and the and the surrounding country seemed while the rain was still falling, a thin, ing of terror. This time the battle on invading our country?

penetrating rain, which drenched their was at hand. They went through a cornfield, "enough to drive you mad." After a quick drink and a few passed along a small wood, went strong remarks regarding the division through a village which seemed abanof the small quantity of stimulants doned and dead and after a bend in them limping. the road a straight stretch could be value to the road a straight stretch could be capt. Puche had dismounted and was available the march was resumed. marching alongside of his men and taking advantage of this opportunity

ing that point? What they did see was far more than Their necks were being roasted by the idea. to give out a few words of advice as the most few fine of the most few f Their hearts almost ceased beating "Only one tin for two, because after and murmurs of fright and anguish coats," said the Colonel. "Only one tin for two, because after and murmurs of fright and addenly it is opened the contents will not went through the ranks, for suddenly like from the country and murmurs of fright and addenly it is first terthe regiment had caught its first ter-

in flames of fire was their barrier. They were "And then we'll bring you the boches pard resumed his joyous refrain." Gaspard feit a sharp pain in his them to suit yourself!" setting fire to the village. heart; he knew now what he was

was French. Still marching on, the men never lost nothing to eat. All you give us to eat "I couldn't tell you," said Capt. sight of the scene of horrors before is just het water; it's rollen. They were now going through Gaspard turned red in the face. "At all events don't forget that we are entitled to one tin of canned the endless line of fugitives, human It was true that they were entitled beings and animals, women, children.

empty the tins. At every stop as soon drawn by dilapidated horses rejected The alarm had been so sudden that choose between the truth and as Gaspard managed to open one of by the army. them a whistle would be heard which brought the men to their feet again and they were compelled to continue gather their belongings in any kind of their was no hesitation. Twenty the furious voices were raised: the eating during the march, which caused them to long twice as much for wagons articles of furniture and clothcaused them to long twice as much for wagons articles of furniture and cloth-

like appearance to the surrounding long line of fugitives to go by. Men, than any one else; the only one who

still pushing forward. They were hair in her eyes. She had lost one of weary and were out, with drooping her three children and the two others were running behind, holding on to some ice cream. . Just think of the delight of sitting down in a cafe

"What are you crying for, little and ordering ice cream!"

"Is she your little sister? Well, you'll get her back. Can't you see that we're going to it, we, the pollus?

. . . And then the Russians are coming on the other side!"

The name of the Russians are 'We've lost Clementine." was dry and whose feet were painful. best of him. He had lost his good hu-

"Why don't they tell us what they are doing? Why are they treating us slasm that the child stopped crying the last row and the Major's horse, like a herd of cattle? I warn them; immediately. But there was also anthere were about fifty stragglers. "Why don't they tell us what they ike a herd of cattle? I warn them; "If give it all up!" other reason, for Gaspard had taken limping along and dragging their "It" meant the General Staff, the out of his canvas bag a bit of choco-sacks and bags after them. Capt. late and a little round box.

"What does this mean, to keep on from the Rue d'la Gaite. from the Rue d'la Gaite. My old company among these stragglers. The woman gave it to me and told me to eat it only after I had been wounded. But stop crying or you'll hear from them from a village far from the

heard their talk, came along and said: "Gaspard, I bet that you and Mo-While running along the road he rest;

kept on calling out to the others: "Well, I'm not saying, it's quite ome! We're from Paris!"

Gripping tightly his rifle he went on diate danger that any special effort or energy is required. come! We're from Paris!" "Well, then you two go ahead and get us a good soup ready about eight as fast as he could along the narrow

and that he was going to have him- them on until the Cossacks-and be- pocket and said: lieve me, the Cossacks lose no time; When the march was resumed he I saw them in the movies they're just to drink."

deserted and dead. Suddenly the guns "because for the last three weeks the thood of these poor devils, bringing were heard again, blazing away fast Russians must have gone pretty deep them back to life and restoring their "Ah, shut up!" grumbled Gaspard.
The men had a few minutes rest hausted, but could not repress a feel- it that they have the nerve to keep under such conditions is enough to

"It's a puzzle," said Gaspard,

What would the men see after reach- than each other, the men were again beginning to feel fired and worn

"Where are we going?" asked the rifying vision of war; the horizon was down into the ditch and you can go on without me."
"Yes, of course," said Gaspard.

> "I'll do the roasting better than you. heart; he knew now what he was going to do; he remembered that he believe me. . . . The only reason I want to quit is because I've had

"What did you say?"
"I said that if you didn't hear me to it, but they hardly found time to old men piled into rickety wagons, you can call me up on the phone. It was a critical minute The time had come to

ing.
"Oh, the brutes!" said Gaspard, "I"! what next? You poor fool!" The clouds were rolling away and the setting sun could be seen over the hills, giving a strange, savage and war-

country. The men had been marching on for ten hours and Moreau was limping. When night came they were still pushing forward. Then were marching dragged or pushed along the road.

A woman went by screaming, her limited the work of the "Talk about soup! All I want is

> The men's feet were raising clouds of dust and the soldiers' hair and mus-

tered in such a warm spirit of enthu- and in the rear of the column, between women, which had been one of the big Major's horse, song successes of the year. te and a little round box.

Puche was greatly alarmed to find out that there were ten men from his Germans, where they would spend the went on: He had to run to catch up with his night. All that was no comrades, but before going he exciaimed:

"Good-by, my little man; we'll meet ing before the next day and it was minds of these man and the minds of these minds of the minds of these minds of the mi "Don't worry, friends, our day will hours, and it is difficult to explain to



These men had been marching thirty-two hours. The extreme fatigue and the effects of the wine beginning to tell, they were glad to let themselves fall upon the straw without a thought of anything else but sleep; just sleep.

"If we find any oysters can we take not one of the others had a word to fleeling from the enemy was carryin say. The scene before them was too in a peculiar sort of vehicle made of "Go right ahead; the company will tragic, two cross ladders.

He found no oysters, but at the tages dominating the surrounding halt and said to the aren:
"What do you want for settle the bill." come a mass of soft mud under the break of day caught a duck roaming country and from where an entire dis-wheels of the supply wagons and gun near a farm. He carried it under his triet could be seen in flames three triet could be seen in flames three rela arm, caressing it all the way, and women, one old and two young, the "Well," said the other, "it all de a never ending stream, compelling when the time came to stop he pre-In the surrounding fields he found potatoes and other vegetables and a so a sheltered corner where he could a sheltered corner where he could be destructive work created by the what price would you give?"

ouild a fire. Thanks to Gaspard, when enemy and sobbing:

the company arrived hunger sat down

to a capital meal and fatigue disap-

This time no one noticed that the

that nothing could have given them

peared immediately.

watch the other men eat.

They were learning against the front wall of their cottage, all they owned. liters costs 70 frames," cooking was poor. Whatever the soup might have been like it was hot and their sole property, which was about to be destroyed by the advancing Whereupon he called Gaspard, who tasty and the men were so famished 'barbarians."

commanders did not dare to advance directly against the barbarians. They Gaspard's greatest pleasure was to commanders did not dare to advance But the rest was short. Hardly had could be seen directly ahead, a very me. they finished their meal when the short distance away, but the men were order was given to start on again, not marching in that direction. Why? Moreau had an inspiration.

"We're going to try a flanking at-

"After doing all the work not a of an attack face to face, but his con- Taey even came back a second sime left to the cook!"

solution was from the Russians. for there was enough for every one. solation was from the Russians. Moreau tried in vain to quiet him "I suppose they're expecting them and a Lieutenant also failed. He de- over there." clared that he would refuse to fight, "Expecting who?"

Puche brought his company to

first, were watching the flames and it? It's a good little wine from my

"To-morrow it will be our turn."

"Be reasonable; it's for soldiers."

"Oh, soldiers. I know them; that's air of supreme contempt. He knew all we see, soldiers. A barrel of 120

came running along.

"Well, I should hope so, Captain! A man would have to be pretty mean to Gaspard noticed with great satisfac-"Well, then, go to it."

Gaspard, with wide open eyes,

his notes, and when he was quite sure (Congright in America by Brentano's. that he had received the correct!

"The Cossacks! We're just luring amount he put the money in his

"With all that I have nothing left was still grumbling.

The weather was oppressively hot and the surrounding country seemed "I don't understand," said Burette. nectar of France, it went through the

After the barrel had been emptied these 250 soldiers presented really a glorious appearance. Alert and wide of their sufferings. With eyes afire

d conceived this wonderful fatherly discouraged, weary and worn out, it will make a happy, nervy company,

marching along with gay and happy Hardly had they started before Gas-Burette protested. He was think-

ing of his wife and called for a love

Gaspard winked his eye and began "Mariez-vous donc! mariez-vous donc!

'est si gentil, c'est si bon! Pourquoi rester garcon?

Mariez-vous donc!" The words atmused the men, includng even Pinceloup, and the first kilo-

meters were passed in this one out-During the third Gaspard changed to tune and sang the good old song of the man who, coming out of the woods, met three young girls who were all three so pretty that he could not make up his mind as to which

one to choose, and therefore made love to them all. Burette had recovered all his enthusiasm and good humor and was "Ah. love!

man is a fine kind of fool to go out and light when he might be home making love! Two kilometers remained to be covered and Gaspard undertook to establish beyond a doubt the merits the wine of France by causing the

men to forget their fatigue.
He had removed his necktie, turned p his sleeves and placed his cap on the top of his rifle. Covered with ust from head to foot, with red cheeks One by one a number of men were and wideawake eyes, he began to sing dropping out of the ranks to get a few a ditty concerning the effects of The name of the Russians was ut. minutes rest on the side of the road spring upon all young and pretty

> "Quand les femmes sont jolies, Quand elles vous font envie, C'est l'effet du printemps.'

"Bang! . . . Bang! The guns "They must be hearing our songs," said Gaspard, and to the accompaniment of the thunder of the guns he "Quand les femmes sont jolies" . . .

again: I'll bring you a spike helmet." therefore safe to promise them a good minds of these men all the sadness of After the wine they found a good bed of straw, so why worry? . . . They halted in a small village evacuated by the inhabitants. But they saw nothing of the surrounding drame: little attention did they pay to The men kept on marching, but all persuasive method than ordinary houses had all been abandoned by the "Soup! You bet I will!"

And taking Moreau's arm Gaspard they were too excited. But in one respect the ranks.

thought of fatigue had disappeared; speeches and good luck brought it to inhabitants, who had fled in terror the Captain in the shape of a barrel from the homes where they were spect they were not like Gaspard, for of wine which a farmer who was born. These mer, had been marching The fatigue and the effects of the wine were beginning to tell and they were glad

to let themselves fall upon the straw without a thought for anything else sleep; he was unable to remain one spot. After trying in vain to down he went out to get a breath His mind was confused; he was thinking suddenly of death, of his home, of his son . . . A strange noise aroused his attention. Long. whining cries were issuing from the backs of the houses. A thought

crossed his mind. "The poor brutes . . . I suppose the men thought only of saving them-. I suppose selves and left the animals behind to storve to death." Without the slightest hesitation he

dashed across the road and visited the houses one by one. And this man of the people, this gay and carefree Parislan then showed his real metal. He who had never handled anything t snalls set about at once, in the dittering light of a candle discovered in the first house visited, to give food the poor beasts, who after all were just as French as he was. He went from stable to stable con-

em as he was went to do to the ldiers of his regiment and went at s work with the same enthusiasm when he was preparing the soup. When able to find any food for the cathe would go on to a neighboring ouse and bring whatever he had discovered, talking all the while to the ortunate animals All received food and drink, and to sooner had he visited the stable han the moanings were silenced and complete quiet restored. He slept only just about one hour, but he was

sappy and no longer felt any trace of fatigue. At the break of dawn, when the order came to get ready and men learned that they were goto march, to march on as they had been doing so many hours, when ame around with fresh milk which he had just obtained after a visit to however, had no use for the milk and called for white wine inair of supreme contempt. He knew hat he had done a good and charitable work in milking the cows and cared little about what became of the

impression that they were going. straight into the arms of the enemy. tion that there were no more moanings coming from the stables, and

The farmer meanwhile was counting

oling the cows, who were moaning or food and drink. He talked to

The houses which the men were

"Now the poor brutes may be able

To be continued next Sunday.)

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